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Dreams

Philosophical poems

Sorin Cerin

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2018

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether

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biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

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pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing

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(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

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So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

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**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist
poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated

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rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

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And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that "weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another

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topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free

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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. The Blood of my Time

I can see the Horizons of the immaculate snows,
from your Eyes,
Happiness,
only through the hair of the vain Desires,
bound in loop of Sighs
shattered by the cold Winds,
of the Hearts,
what they pulsate through the chests of the deserted streets,
of the Thoughts,
tattooed with the resignation of the Glances,
clenched in a tabacic cough,
of unfulfilled Dreams,
what they have still remained of smoked,
among the fingers of meaningless Questions,
which have arrived to find their place,
only through the Ashtrays of the Memories,
in whose ashes,
are sweating my homeless Days,
what, they are the only fortune,
which has remained to me,
of to spend,
through the Absurd lungs,

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which I breathe them,
every time,
even then,
when I seek the Divine Light,
on whose wings I want to catch,
the last flight,
toward me myself,
being that Soul,
on which she did not know him,
maybe Never,
the Creation,
of the one what I think that I'm,
written with the Blood of my Time,
on the forehead of the Destiny,
so stranger by the own Self,
that I have become unable to make the difference,
between Night or Day,
when I dug without my will,
through the Cemeteries of Words,
the tomb of the Eternity of a Moment,
who united us,
somewhere sometime,
Love.

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2. Sigh

So far away from me,
I got lost,
on the frowning forehead of the Despair,
of a Time of the Nobody,
from which I have built for me,
the Dreams hosted and now,
by the homeless Days,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which are served to me,
by the Dawn of the Loneliness,
by me myself,
with each Sigh,
through which I wonder,
if I was lost,
through the stations of the Nobody,
by the Destiny of Happiness?

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3. The slave of Wandering

Crucified,
on the drops of the rains of Thoughts,
heavy and dark,
I poured myself,
through the deep ditches of the Wrinkles,
of a Time of the Nobody,
of whose blood I was bound,
with the chains of the Despair,
by the Destiny of Pain,
for to be the slave of Wandering,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which I am obliged,
to I serve them,
along,
of my wholes,
Non-Senses of the Existence.

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4. None of us

Cover my grave,
of the Hopes,
of these Illusions of Life and Death,
on which I breathe them,
with the petals of your Dreams,
Love,
for to be covered for me,
all the roots of Desperations,
what they will rise unhindered,
on the forehead of yje Memories,
of the Heart of embers,
of the Loneliness,
of a Horizon,
on whose wings,
none of us,
we will no longer fly ever,
together.

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5. No longer remembers, No one, Never

Shadows of Dreams,
what, have longer remained from us,
are thrown,
on streets without addresses,
of the Loneliness,
which have constantly grinded them,
in the mixer of the gray Clouds,
what have longer remained us,
as food,
on the empty table of Thoughts,
from the Cemeteries of Words,
of the Absurd,
where we are looking for us and now,
the lost Identity,
of a Love,
about which he no longer remembers,
No one, Never,
to have passed,
through the front of the windows of fire,
of our Expectations.

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6. The withered Dawns

Sighs built in,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
of our Cemeteries of Words,
by which we bury us,
the troubled Dreams,
of so many withered Dawns,
of the false joy of living,
on the forehead of the Horizons,
which lead them to nowhere,
wandering them, through the Hearts of Wind,
of the Vanity,
with which we cover us,
the Regrets.

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7. To wander on the Street of the Absurd

The deserted shores by Glances,
they have scattered our sand of the Thoughts,
toward the misty Horizons,
of the Illusions of some Memories,
from which we still hope,
to we be able to sculpt,
The Eternity of the Moment,
on which I lost it
crushed by the lead soles,
of the Future,
what seems to be of the Nobody,
left lonely,
to wander,
on the Street of the Absurd,
on which we have come to live,
now.

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8. Until we become obese

The Smiles of lead
crushed by the Dreams of the Dawns,
what they barely awake,
from the sleep of some Thoughts,
of the Indifference,
on which, we met her,
on the Zebra of the Good and Evil,
then when we cross,
the homeless Days,
of the Absurd,
of this World,
which feeds us with the Unhappiness,
of the own body,
until we become obese,
of so much Pain.

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9. The Sun of Dream

Weep me with dew and miss,
Memory,
to I be able to wash,
with, Your Tears,
the dusty face with the falling stars,
of My Destiny.

Let me spend my night,
under the eaves of the free Heaven,
of the your crying Eyes ,
among the walls of homeless Days,
of my Life.

Could I ever be,
The Sun of Dream,
which illuminates us the Path to the Absolute,
of the Happiness,
once we live,
through the tombs of the Cemeteries of Words,
on which no longer visits them,
none of the Moments,
on which she gave birth to them,
Our Love?

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10. The eternal Dawns of the Vows

Asked by the Destiny,
if I can write,
the Testament of my own Love,
I answered with a cold smile,
to the empty and indifferent Horizon,
of the Moments dried by ourselves,
through a tear of the Dawns,
what they started to rain,
with drops of Forgetfulness,
over the hot forehead of the Passion,
from which we have built us,
somewhere sometime,
the castle from playing cards,
of the Memories from Future,
what we never thought,
that, precisely he himself,
through whose rooms we promised us,
the eternal Dawns of the Vows,
without we cheating ever,
it will ruin over our Dreams.

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**11. They chaotic wander on the cheeks of the Time
of the Nobody**

Tears of Wind,
they chaotic wander,
on the cheeks of the Time of the Nobody,
giving Eternities of Moments,
desperate,
to the Glances in which we lose us,
leaving us crucified,
on the Water eyes of Life,
which, they drown us the Hopes,
with the cold and indifferent waves,
of the Destinies,
through which we do not succeed to swim,
to reach the shores of the Dreams,
on which has conceived them,
the Absurd,
about which neither now,
we do not know anything.

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12. The cold broken by the sharp axe

Heavy Wings of Expectations,
they hit the air of the Thoughts,
for to lift us,
as far away as possible by ourselves,
at the crossroads of the Heavens of Words,
whose meanings,
have flashed with the drops of ice,
of the Compromises,
of some lonely Prayers,
which covers Loneliness,
which trembles in the broken Cold,
by the sharp axe
of the homeless Days,
in which our Moments live,
received in gift from Destiny,
for to carry, further
the chore of a Blood,
stained by the Original Sin,
of the Vanity of this World,
drowned in Absurd.

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13. On the bent shoulders of the Future

I started to drown,
of so many Cemeteries of Words,
how many are thrown to me,
by the inert lips,
of the penetrating Cold,
on which I have to swallow him,
until his last,
thermometer, of, Thoughts,
frozen completely
on the bent shoulders of the Future,
which has threatened us,
that he can no longer keep us,
not even through the homeless Days,
of the Darkness,
who left himself anxious,
over our Feelings.

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14. We were forced, to we sell us

Let me support my Eyes,
by the window of your Thoughts,
for to feel the vibrations,
of the Eternity of a Universe,
in which we know it is,
the Star of Immortality,
of a Love,
on which we seek her,
before it is born,
the Time,
on whose Absurd threshold,
we were forced,
by Vanity,
to we sell us,
The Eternities of Moments,
to the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they gave us in return,
so much Desperation,
that we can barely carry it,
towards the Forgetfulness by ourselves.

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15. Hearts of fire

Hearts of fire,
they burn,
in the cascades of galaxies,
of Dreams,
illuminating,
The Darkness of Loneliness,
with the Glances of the God,
from You,
Love,
please,
dress me,
with the tears of stars,
of the Sunrises,
so much sought by the Hopes,
what, they want to wear them,
in, the hair of their own Happiness,
to which to illuminate them,
The Way to Absolute,
of the Endlessness,
from ourselves.

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16. Toward the palace of Tears, of the Love

How many wings of Thoughts,
they would have sacrificed,
the Memories from the Future,
for to succeed, to guide us,
on the path that leads,
toward the palace of Tears, of the Love
built by the Boundlessness,
of the Hearts of Fire
of the Immortality of a Word,
what will pass us,
beyond the borders,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
however much they would be against us,
the Absurd and Despair,
of the raised walls,
by the Vanities,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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17. Knots

The claws of the windows,
they break Memories,
in the deserted streets,
of the Hearts of Wind,
what, they have shattered us,
the Moments toward Nowhere,
they uncoil us
the tangled hair of Thoughts,
in Knots,
on which neither the Glances,
they will no longer succeed,
to ever untie them,
however much they would strive,
to they keep us,
by the cold and sweaty hands,
of the Destiny.

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**18. Since when, I've definitely lost your address,
Love**

However much,
I would try to encompass you,
the Traces of the Heart,
what, they have remained me,
leaning against the window,
of my Memories,
scattered,
by the arms of the Future of Nobody,
Love,
I know I will not succeed,
than to I hurt even more,
the Words,
through which I am wandering and now,
on endless streets,
of the Loneliness,
by me myself,
since when I've definitely lost your address,
of your Destiny.

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19. The rains of our Dreams

The shores, tangled,
in the clew of the Forgetfulness,
they are still waiting silently, the Destiny,
which to untie them,
by the rains of our Dreams,
what they began to dig,
river beds of Despair,
through their bodies,
that it may drain,
through them,
the Cemeteries of Words,
what, they began to surround us,
the Glances that become heavier,
of the Feelings,
drowned in the sea of Indifference,
whose waves,
they wash us the sand of our Days,
until they disappeared altogether,
separating us forever.

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20. How painful can be the Moments of the Vanity

And I remained a trace,
from your Wing,
Love,
which, I stained,
with the rusty Dreams,
in which we dress,
somewhere sometime,
the brilliance of Happiness,
even the darkness of Despair,
of a Memory,
sprung from the pale and sad Rays,
of the Loneliness,
on which I still wear them,
so, by the eyes of the World,
at the buttonhole of my own
Illusions of the Life and Death,
showing how painful,
can be the Moments of the Vanity,
without me myself.

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21. Crushing us by the asphalt of Absurd

Walls of, Empty Words,
they crush the increasingly depressed desires,
of the Memories from the Future,
what seems to be now,
of the Nobody,
without the Heart of Fire,
of your Smile,
lost among the labyrinths,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which our Dreams were buried,
what they did not want to leave us,
even after we have fallen,
from the arms of the Absolute Truth,
crushing us by the asphalt of Absurd,
black and wet,
of so many Tears of Words,
how many they hit themselves by him.

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22. The gray Horizons of the Despair

Traces frozen by Forgetfulness,
are lost in the Sunrises of the Loneliness,
which has clothed us the decomposed Hearts,
of the Memories from the Future,
sicker,
of Indifference,
which contaminates,
the Dreams,
by which we try to catch us,
the Destiny,
without we realizing,
that they had turned into Nightmares,
whose Waves of Meanings,
they were drowning us the Smiles,
with the gray Horizons of the Despair.

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23. At the sentimental surgery section

We were programmed,
together,
at the sentimental surgery section,
to operate us,
the frozen Smiles,
on the lips without expressivity,
of the Words,
more and more disinterested,
by, the Steps of the Thoughts,
on which we had to follow them,
through the alluring labyrinths,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
in which we have lost us,
forever,
our only Being,
what became of the Nobody.

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24. No matter how many offerings

Shores of wandering Dreams,
on which,
we will no longer be able to touch them,
never,
than with the Hopes,
shipwrecked,
of a Past,
caught with strength,
by the palms pulled,
to the petrified cheeks,
of the Dawns,
of an Absurd,
on which neither the Despair,
has no longer succeeded ever,
to calm him,
no matter how many offerings,
of vain Promises,
it would have brought him,
on the weary shoulders,,
of our Memories from the Future.

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25. Without to I believe that we will consume us

When I gave you,
an Angel Wing,
I would have wanted,
to you ascend toward the Paradise,
of the my Thoughts,
where can I embrace you,
the Sky of your Dreams,
with the Immortality,
on which I received her in gift,
from the Glances of a Love,
in which I found him,
on, the lost God,
of the Happiness,
without to I believe that we will consume us,
in the flames of the Absurd of a Time,
of the Nobody,
becoming an inert ash,
scattered by the cold Winds,
of the Non-sense of the Existence,
on the face decomposed by Pain,
of the Despair.

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26. Products for skin care

The Moments of the Illusions of Life and Death,
they work profitably,
and are competing to each other,
for to make,
as many products as possible,
for skin care,
increasingly older and wrinkled,
of the Despair,
drowned in Wrinkles, of Words,
hidden under thick layers of cream,
of the Indifference,
manufactured after the recipe of the Absurd,
from the Laboratories of the Despair.

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27. The last drops of sap

Leaves of Expectations,
they lie shipwrecked,
on the increasingly frozen soil,
of the Thoughts,
where they gradually lose,
even the last drops of sap,
which quenches us the thirst,
of the Glances of some Kisses,
in the sentimental summer,
of the the Heaven of Words,
under whose stars we were hiding,
the hugs of Dreams,
increasingly hot,
which, they heat now,
the wandered Steps of Despair,
lost in, the winter,
deserted, and deep
of the Forgetfulness.

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28. Which poisons knowingly

Our Cemeteries of Words,
they can barely carry,
the Suitcases full of Nothings,
of the fallen Dreams,
in the passion of the Vanity,
which I drink,
at the corners of the streets,
of a Destiny of the Nobody,
which poisons knowingly,
the Eternities of the Moments,
through which we must pass,
own Life,
what it would want to separate,
by, the Illusion and Absurd,
of the Despair which we live.

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29. Dawn of Tears

The dawn of Tears,
they stand tied,
with the chains of the Promises,
by the dry Roots,
of a Love,
to which it did not like,
the desert soil of the Absurd,
of these Illusions of Life and Death,
in which we gave birth to,
without our will,
the Original Sins,
of the Despair,
on whose waters we are shipwrecked
trying to we see,
the forgotten shore of the Retrieval,
by ourselves,
bathed in the same,
Dawn of Tears.

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30. The Holy Water of Life

Fountains of dew,
they pull out the Holy Water of Life,
in the palms of some Words,
uttered by the Glances of Heaven,
on whose faces,
can be seen,
the Sunrises of our Hearts of Fire,
which have ignited with the Sacred Fire of Love,
the Horizons of the Happiness,
what until then,
they were trembling of cold,
on the lips of Dreams,
to whom were not allowed,
to speak,
and to our Souls.

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31. Among the reflective images

It's raining nervously with torrents of Memories,
which, they spill silently,
on the windshield of the Hopes,
dusty with Forgetfulness,
whose wipers,
are barely able to cope,
to the Loneliness,
on which they discover it,
more and more profound and oppressive,
among the reflective images,
through which they are lost,
the traffic signs,
of the decomposed Blood,
of the Words,
what, they seem to have no longer nothing to say,
then when barely circulates,
on increasingly deserted arteries,
of the Soul,
spiced with the naughty taillights
of some passings, of, Dreams,
toward Death.

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32. Old and deaf Watch

The crucified hopes,
they press hard,
the shriveled tongues,
of an old and deaf Watch,
what he remembers and now,
among hiccups of regrets,
the times of youth,
rusted now,
when it was the Exact Hour,
and all the Dreams,
off the dusty platform,
of a Station of the Absurd,
they conformed to its orders,
separating themselves from the train,
which led their Life,
toward Past,
without being able to believe then,
when it was,
in the Heart of Wind,
of those Times,
that he will become himself,
a Past.

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33. Scattered in thousands of shards

Silent and sad horizons,
they hit with the Hearts of Nowhere,
the broken Heavens of the Thoughts,
scattered in thousands of shards,
what they give birth to the vagrant fragments
of some Cemeteries of Words,
in which we often cut us the Hopes,
what they let to drain,
the Blood of the Unfulfillments,
on the frozen Dust,
of a clenched Smile,
from which the Original Sins,
of the Absurd,
they built us the bodies of the vain Dreams,
what are looking for Love and now.

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34. Has reddened us the Horizons

Claws of clouds
they have torn the Sky of Hopes,
from which it springs,
the blood of the Original Sins,
has reddened us the Horizons,
of the Despair,
who steals our Love,
and leads it beyond us,
in the Memories of the Future,
from which we come from,
and on which,
the tearful eyes of the Pains,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
they can not discern them.

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35. Which, it feeds with the Dust of our Incarnation

Massive Gates, of Questions,
they hold without their will,
the closed Answers,
after the lattice,
of the Cemeteries of Words ,
built up by the Illusions of Life and Death,
meant to protect us from ourselves,
those who we could liberate ourselves,
by, the Death,
which, it feeds,
with the Dust of our Incarnation,
in Absurd, Despair and Pain,
received in gift,
from the Original Sins,
who preach us,
a Paradise,
of the integration into the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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36. At the crossroads of Compromises

Stairs towards Heaven,
they stand locked,
by the Original Sins,
of the destroyed Destinies,
of the Absurd,
from which the Guilt,
has crocheted
clothes as thick as possible,
for the Winter,
of end, of World
of the frozen Words,
what they will come,
to snow us,
with their desolate coldness,
the Love,
on which, the Frost will transform it,
in a speechless statue,
at the crossroads of Compromises,
between Forgetfulness and Remorse.

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37. Have rekindled us the frozen Desires

The decomposed Smiles,
melt on the roofs of Despair,
of the homeless Days,
through which we can see,
the falling stars, of the Hopes,
which have rekindled us,
the frozen Desires,
lost through the ovens of the Regrets,
cold and indifferent,
of the Destiny,
who neither now,
he does not know what to do with us,
until they do not tell him,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
in what way to he kill us,
every Moment which we breathe,
in this World what seems,
of the Nobody.

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38. The breath of Happiness

When the palms of Creation,
they will scatter the hair of the stars,
which he will braid,
our Destiny,
without he ever let it
to fall,
over the shoulders of Horizons,
of the Original Sins,
who kill us cruelly,
the Eternities of the Moments,
you must know that, and the Memories of the Future,
they will be able to show their face,
in the Divine Light,
of the Love,
reminding us of the Immortality,
in which we can return,
only together,
with the Glances of the Eternity,
in which we lose us,
the breath of Happiness.

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39. The dampness of Loneliness

Trains of Remorses,
they stop in the stations abandoned,
of the our tired Hopes,
by so much stay,
through the Waiting Rooms,
of the Love,
on which grinds them,
the dampness of Loneliness,
what can not be removed,
by not even one detergent,
of the cold and insalubrious Promises,
what, they wipe the Tears of the Dawns,
ended and sad,
of the Happiness.

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40. The attributes of holiness

Shrouded in the Mysteries of the falling stars,
we try to save us the Sacred Fire,
of the Hearts of Fire,
what, they beat and now the exact time of Immortality,
in the agglomeration, of Vanities
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
to whom often we are forced,
to we give them the attributes of holiness,
which then they compel us,
to serve them, the Despair and Absurd,
until our last breath of the Pain,
what we were given,
to we breathe her.

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41. Lost Memories, in the dust of the Non-Senses

Lost Memories,
in the dust of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
they try to hug us,
the homeless Days,
through which we bear the Despair,
of to live,
without ourselves,
by reddening the Dawn of Loneliness,
with the Tears of the Blood,
what gushes from the open wounds,
of so many Cemeteries of Words,
on which, we utter them without sense,
at our own,
Illusions of the Life and Death.

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42. Into the knees of the Messages

The oppressive and desolate Horizons,
they crush the flocks of Words,
fallen into the knees of the Messages,
more and more indifferent and cold,
on which, the Autumn of the lost Eyes,
of the Clouds from the Glances,
sends them to us,
at the hour of the Meeting,
of the Loneliness,
with ourselves,
which, we understand,
finally,
that we no longer know the Way,
of to we come back,
toward the Eternity of the Moment,
in which we have fed us,
only with Love.

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43. Among the fingers of the Thoughts

I'm wondering why?,
the Dreams of our Love,
have turned,
in Smoke Curtains,
shattered by the Hearts of Wind,
of the Promises,
which raises them,
scattering them
among the fingers of the Thoughts,
toward the deserted and cold Heavens
of the Regrets,
whose claws,
they have mangled them, the Meanings,
until, no longer remains, Nothing,
from us.

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44. In the cold Ocean of Creation

Even the Sunsets, crucified,
on the desolate and lonely Horizons,
are consumed in the flames of your Memory,
Love,
what, burns the whole Universe of the Star,
which made us to meet,
on the bright rays of her Destiny,
ready to carry us,
toward the Endlessness that we rediscovered her
in the Eyes of Fire,
of our Hearts,
if we had not fallen,
in the cold Ocean of Creation,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
where we remained clenched,
with the palms of the frozen Immortality,
on the Cheeks,
fallen into the Absurd of a Pain,
of the Vanity of a Loneliness,
on which we must to share it,
with the lost Glances,
of the Despair,
from our Souls.

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45. The mast of the Destiny

It is so much quietness,
on the lost beaches of Dreams,
that no wing of wave,
of the Retrieval,
no longer appears at the Horizon,
of our Hopes,
injured by the devastating storms,
of the Separation,
by the mast of the Destiny,
which united us,
on the same ship of the Life,
taking us always,
on the graceful lips,
of the Words,
of so many Sunrises,
where we drank,
the Smile, of, Morning,
of the Happiness.

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46. Even the Blood of Memories

Crucified traces on the forehead of Forgetfulness,
they request us with the last efforts,
a drop of Water of the Life,
because they feel that has forsaken them,
even the Blood of Memories,
which flows them through the crushed veins,
by the blunt spikes of the Words,
on which we say them daily,
to the Despair,
received in gift,
from the Destiny,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which we are obliged to serve him,
by the Original Sins,
of the Past,
of a God that does not belong to us.

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47. To we sleep under the free Sky of the Thoughts

I know Love,
that, I gave you,
only bouquets of homeless Days,
but you must know,
that they were the only ones,
on which I found them,
on the stalls of the Illusions of Life and Death,
and which I was allowed,
to I bring them to you,
but, rather than to be arrived,
with the arms of empty Dreams,
in your welcome,
I preferred,
to we sleep under the free Sky of the Thoughts,
of those bouquets,
knowing that eventually,
we will be banished,
by the heavy and cold Winter,
of the Words,
for to we shelter us,
each other,
on, where he finds us,
the Destiny.

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48. Stars of Dreams

Walls of Words,
whispered at the Hearts of Heaven,
of the Hopes,
of so many Stars of Dreams,
what they separate us from ourselves,
letting us, to wander,
on, the Balance of the Lead Thoughts,
which throws us into the depths,
of the Despair,
where we drowned with the Absurd,
of the locked gates,
of the Destiny,
what he was given to us,
by the Loneliness of a God,
of the Nobody,
what he wanted us to be with Him,
as if he did not know,
that we will always be accompanied,
by His Original Sins,
made specifically for us.

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**49. Beating desperately at the gates of the Sand
Castles**

The Creation has come to sing us,
to the deaf ears of the Vanity,
of the our Hearts of Wind,
only on deep Wrinkles,
of chords withered,
which crosses the forehead of a Time,
of the Absurd,
among the stars,
of our falling Promises,
always unfulfilled,
what, they are looking us and now,
beating desperately,
at the gates of the Sand Castles,
of the our Glances,
which shatter helplessly,
under the weight of the waves,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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50. The Destiny, condemned to Vanity

No matter how many Windows of Smiles,
we would try to open,
at the Sunrise of some Hopes,
all were broken,
by the crowd of the Absurd,
which we try to bypass,
without we ever knowing,
that they belong,
from the Destiny condemned to Vanity,
of the Illusions of our Life and Death,
in which we incarnate our Infirmities,
of to longer be ourselves ever,
we, those who we fly on the wings of the Immortality,
of a Star of Love,
what seems, extinguished,
forever,
for the Eyes of the Loneliness of this World,
of the Nobody.

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51. At the Masked Ball of the Existence

The Illusion of the Happiness,
wears every time,
at the Masked Ball of the Existence,
only, cardboard Steps,
solemn and ephemeral,
sufficiently brilliant,
for to blind,
the Absurd,
the groom without end,
of the Despair,
always driven,
at the altar of the Vanities,
by, the Destiny,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the our Pains.

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52. Toothless and devoid of Sense

Massive wheels, of, homeless Days,
they spin us, the Time,
until the Years get dizzy
more and more elderly,
toothless and devoid of Sense,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which, we drowned,
the Memories of the Future,
being then forced,
to we incarnate,
in the lost mud,
from the depths of the Vanities,
of so many Pains,
on which only the Cemeteries of Words,
are still able,
to express them coherently,
to the Absurd.

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53. Even if he shouts us

Dry roots,
they complain the Memories of the Saps,
whose ghosts of Tastes,
they have turned gray even the Glances,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
in which we buried,
the Memories of a Future,
on which we have considered him,
every time,
as being of the Nobody,
even if he shouts us,
from the depths without edges,
of our own Beings,
full of Desperation,
The Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love.

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54. Given for keeping

Bouquets of Tears,
tied with lost Glances
are thrown in the Way to Absolute,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
who want to achieve perfection,
of the Fences of barbed wire,
what, they surround us,
the Dreams of the Love,
what they do not want to obey,
to the Absurd,
what, was given to us for keeping,
by, the Destiny,
of the Vanity of this World,
of the Despair.

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55. With or without our will

Crowns of Flames,
they ignite the Sacred Fire of Love,
on the head of the Absolute Truth,
of the our Subconscious Stranger,
to which we report us each time,
with or without our will,
regardless of the Illusions of Life and Death,
aware of this aspect,
reason for which,
They implored God,
to handcuff us,
with the lead of the Original Sins,
and they succeeded,
leaving us,
only the Loneliness towards,
our own Self.

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56. Traces of the Past

When we have the impression that,
we talk with the stars of Love,
of the Present,
we actually talk,
to some Traces of the Past,
more and more distant from ourselves,
on which they have left them,
the astral Steps of Divine Light,
wandered together with,
The Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
through the depths of the Universe,
what lies paralyzed,
in the deserted and sad streets,
of our Destiny.

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57. Dreams

The shores, of Words,
they collapsed hysterically,
in the waves of the Questions, increasingly wrinkled,
of the Consciousness of the Vortices of Hopes,
rebellious and homeless,
just as are to us the Days of the river of Glances,
which flow,
in the ocean of the Illusions of Life and Death,
after they begged through World,
a single Moment, of, Truth,
receiving instead,
the Lead greyish of the Clouds,
of some Dreams,
drowned in the Absurd of a Vanity.

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58. Artificial sweetener

Dry branches,
of Compromises,
they scratch the deserted Sky,
of the Hearts of Wind,
through which it barely flows,
The Blood of the Sunrises,
of some Feelings,
obscure and banal,
what hide the Thoughts,
stuck in the vain Hopes,
of the Despair,
about, the Truth,
of some Glances of lead,
of the Horizons of the Morning,
served,
by the hideouts of the Vanity,
as an artificial sweetener,
of the Loneliness of so many Eternities, of Moments,
wasted on the oily tables,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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59. The deserts of the Absurd

Frozen memories,
turn to stone,
The Future of Thoughts,
in a crazy dance,
of the homeless Days,
in which we have deepened,
the increasingly deserted Hopes,
of the Dreams,
what have arrived,
collapsed and sad,
at the soles of Love,
carried on the shoulders,
increasingly exhausted,
of the Compromises,
with ourselves,
after they have crossed,
the deserts of the Absurd,
of this World of Despair,
believing that they will win.

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60. We can kill us, the Feelings

Wings ragged by the Longing,
they wipe the tears,
of the deserted and cold Sky,
of the Loneliness, by ourselves.

Flocks of Words,
they leave the realms of the Souls,
are heading helplessly,
toward the warmer Horizons,
of the Compromises.

Only the Illusions of Life and Death,
they still have remained us
to comfort us, the Despair,
with the firm promise,
that we can kill us,
the Feelings.

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61. The most important gift

Thoughts of cardboard,
they guard the homeless Days,
of the Happiness,
what sleeps under the free Sky,
of the Compromises,
which we make,
with the Illusions of Life and Death,
when we take them,
at the altar of our own Conscience,
knowing they are the only ones,
who can offer us Death,
what remains,
the most important gift,
in this World of Despair,
which can save us,
by ourselves,
those who we are,
a deformed image,
of what we were
in the Immortality of Love.

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62. It poisons us constantly

We have incarnated,
in the Castles of Sand,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
on which, we have built us,
the vain Dreams,
of a World,
of the Absurd,
which, always collapses,
under the waves of the cold blood,
of a Time,
which poisons us constantly,
with the increasingly heavy and unbearable Years,
of the Vanities,
which we breathe,
at every step,
of the our Hearts of Wind.

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63. Our last and first waltz

Smile to me, Love,
to know that I can invite you,
at the Masked Ball,
of my own life,
stolen by,
the Destiny of the Vanities,
of this World,
on whose shoulders to we dance,
our last and first waltz,
of the Absolute Truth,
on which, please show it to me,
in the showcase of that Word,
with the name, of Death,
due to which,
I will manage to escape,
from this Existence,
of the Non-Senses.

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64. Guilty silences

Guilty silences,
have snowed over the Fogs of the Memories,
who have blinded,
even and the homeless Days,
on which we still have to carry them,
on increasingly skinny shoulders,
of the Will,
tied at the troubled eyes,
of river thirsty of vortices,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
which, they sail,
between its collapsed shores.

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65. At the morgue of Thoughts

Cascades of Passions,
have collapsed in free falls,
over the starved fairs,
after the flesh of the Feelings,
of smuggling,
sold privately,
only to those willing to offer,
the requested price,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
for to be put,
on tables from the morgue of Thoughts,
which feed on its autopsies.

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66. The boundless Desert of the Amnesia

The cold and insalubrious walls,
on which are supported,
the Non-Senses of our Existence,
have begun to collapse,
in the decomposed Glances,
of the Memories,
which have unfolded us,
in front of the eyes of Sky of the Dreams,
the boundless Desert,
of the Amnesia,
from which we are forced,
by the Illusions of Happiness,
to build us the Sand Castles,
where to can live,
the homeless Days,
predestined for us.

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67. Beyond the Heavens of any Consciousness

All that's left of us,
Love,
are some dilapidated Steps,
what they await anxious,
the ruined Steps,
of the Memories from the Future of the Nobody,
which to climb them,
the Dreams,
beyond the Heavens,
of any Consciousness,
what she would succeed to embody,
the Despair,
through which to flow,
the rotten blood of the Absurd,
who has fed us so far,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of this World.

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68. Deep in the Eyes of Wind

I wonder who has pulled us
the smoke Curtains,
of the Conscience,
to be able to look at us,
deep in the Eyes of Wind,
of our Desires,
always Unfulfilled ?,
such that,
to be able to promise us,
exactly those Illusions of Life and Death,
on which we would have often expected them ?,
on the World of Despair of this Absurd,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence?

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69. The ever-thicker Mud of the Incarnations

Propped by the moist muscles,
of the Tears of Lead,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
we prepare for Happiness,
without to we understand,
that, this,
is and will remain,
the same smoke,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
on which, they swallowed him every time,
our Cemeteries, of, Words,
on the ruined streets of the Compromises,
what they wash their sweaty foreheads,
by the ever-thicker Mud of the Incarnations,
with which has clothed us,
the Vanity,
helped by the Despair and Absurd,
of the Destinies,
on which later on,
we will serve them,
all the life.

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70. In a Ritual of the Despair

The crucified Horizons,
on the Eyes, of, Wind,
of the decomposed Pleasures,
they are following us the Balances,
what they barely can pull out,
from the Fountains of the Compromises,
one cup of nowhere,
on which to we break it,
by the cold and indifferent forehead,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in a Ritual of the Despair,
of the wounded Knees,
by the Thoughts, gnawed,
of the Loneliness.

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71. The Gods of the Purity, of crystal

All our Dreams,
were beyond Time,
the Gods of the Purity, of crystal,
from whose palms,
has sipped, the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
the Peace,
and now all of them,
they stand broken on the dirty asphalt,
of the Thoughts,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
from where they smile to us,
through the shards what have remained of them,
they cut us off, in some places, the Despair,
the Vanity and Absurd,
of the own Incarnation,
in the Nothingness of this World,
trying to determine,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
to they free us from ourselves.

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72. The Ideas of the Lead Tears

Desperate roots,
they break the black and heavy asphalt,
of the homeless Days,
in which live our exhausted Moments,
of the Vanity to exist,
just for a bit of Feeling,
on which she will sip it,
The saving death,
from the desolate Eyes, of, Heaven,
of our Souls, exhausted,
of so much digging,
through the impersonal rock of Conscience,
for to bring to the surface,
of the Absurd of this World,
from the Despair that grinds us,
the Memories of the Future,
the Ideas of the Lead Tears
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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73. Poisoned with allergic Dreams

Dawn of Words,
they send their widows rays,
of the blackened Thoughts,
increasingly cold and indifferent,
on the tables of morgue,
of the Autopsies of some Hopes,
what have died,
poisoned with broken Dreams,
entered in putrefaction,
because they created allergy,
to the Desperations, of, lead,
of the Absurd of a Conscience,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which we have incarnated,
the Feeling.

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74. In an opposite direction

Bridges of Tears,
stretch towards the devoured Horizons,
of Loneliness,
of the Happinesses,
whose Existences,
are doomed to failure,
because Nobody,
can not get to embrace them,
the Purpose,
being stopped at the border of the Absurd,
which requires us a lot of documents,
written in capital letters,
by the Vanities,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which we will never have them,
no matter how many cups of nowhere we will drink,
in honor of Despair,
who heads the entire department,
of, passports of this World,
because the Realm toward Death,
is in an opposite direction,
to our Feelings.

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75. Wild Flowers of Dreams

Wild Flowers of Dreams,
undulate, in the rhythm of the waves of Hopes,
of the Hearts of Wind,
what beat the tireless Horizons,
in the art of running from our own Self.

Tall herbs of Ideas,
they leaned toward the heavy Steps of Thoughts,
looking for them a footwear of Memories,
as comfortable as possible,
and which to fit them,
especially,
to the increasingly stringent requirements,
of the Memories from the Future.

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76. Hoping they will bring luck

Fire horseshoes,
of the Dreams,
they illuminate the hooves of Thoughts,
hoping they will bring luck,
to the free horses of the Glances,
what, they run in herds,
of, unspoken Words,
which they await their place,
on the abundant meals,
with Feelings,
of the Loves,
of a World of Happiness,
which seems to have lost,
to the roulette of Destiny,
own Illusions of Life and Death,
letting us to we breathe,
the strong air of the heights of the Immortality.

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77. Whipping them with all sorts of Hopes

Horizons have begun,
to laugh hysterically,
seeing the crazy race after profit,
of the Society of Consumption, the Death,
on whose backs we run our Dreams,
whipping them with all sorts of Hopes,
which sting them so much,
that most of the times,
they turn into Nightmares,
what they haunt us,
even and the Absurd,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which, they sometimes consider us too cruel,
with our own Despair.

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